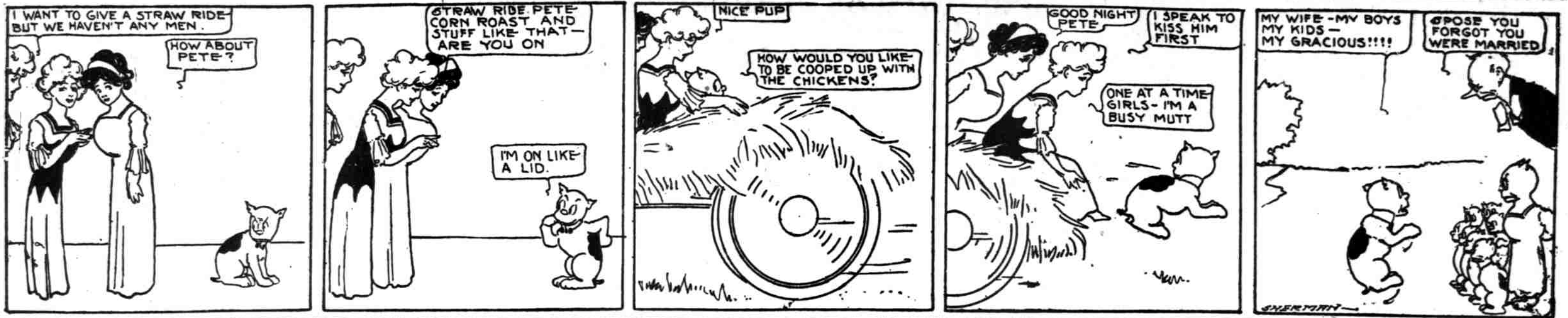


Straw Without Bricks? Nope! Bricks Are Coming

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



THE REAL LOVE LETTERS OF HIS BRIDE TO BE

That He Received Telling the Plans

DEAR—Another whole year older today, and the best of all my birthday gifts was that wonderful three minutes when I heard your voice over the long distance phone. Oh, Jack, Jack, I have been hugging it to my heart ever since, whispering the tender greetings and crying out to myself, "It was his voice—his voice," and, although I know I ought to scold you for extravagance, I can only say that it made me happier than any gift of diamonds and pearls that a lover ever sent to the girl he was to marry.

I want this birthday to be the beginning of a new year in every respect, anyway, for when I look back across the months and realize that this acquaintance and not the only man in the world, it makes me sorry for that other me that went along so tranquilly without the wonder of your love. And now that I have that, I want my next birthday to mark the growth of heart and mind, as well as body—for your sake, dear—because I want you to be proud of me.

The girls were all here today, and each one brought me something for my house instead of the usual frilly things that a girl gets on her birthday, and altogether it was about the nicest time I've ever had, for just the mere loving of you seems to make me appreciate and see the little happy things of life and of people, and that's the wonderful part, isn't it?

Of course, as long as the girls were coming I was going to have a big and elaborate luncheon—a frightful expense, of course, although being a man you don't know that—and then I thought—no, after all, dad has confessed he isn't rich, and why, through a mere silly little snobbish pride, should I try to make a big display for girls, all of whom are friends. And I seemed suddenly, to see how the whole lot of us have been striving and pushing in our efforts to do something a little nicer than others, and I thought, with a selfish little pang at my heart, how much I would like to have all that money now.

Put Our Heads Together

So, instead of having a caterer, mother and the cook and I put our heads together and got up a delectable and dainty little meal, and everybody enjoyed it, and I laughed a bit, although the tears were close when one girl caught my hands in hers and said how good everything was and vowed that if she had to look lobster salad or crab ravigottes in the face again she would die. And do you know I think we most of us hate the inevitable party food, so that's another advantage in being poor—you don't have to eat indigestible things!

And then dad, bless his heart, was so pleased when mother told him that he gave me a five dollar gold piece for my bank, which is getting awfully heavy, because—less up—I haven't had a box of chocolates or a sundae since you went away. How is that for penuriousness?

But there, I don't want them. I'm living on nectar in a little elysium of my own, hedged in with the wonders of your love and the dreams of what the future is going to bring to us. Oh, my dear, my dear, what a happy birthday this has been because of you. Good night.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"I see," began the stage-struck youth, "that the Friganzza girl is going to star in a new play this season."

"Yep," said the stage door keeper. "She's turned her plump and shapely back on the two-day thing, and now she's lined up to be a regular leading lady for the rest of the season. And believe me she won't have to have a great big cast. When it comes to filling up a stage she's there."

Doesn't Bother Her

"The fact that she's a little overweight doesn't bother her a bit, and when it comes to the Lilly Russell scheme of taking off the superfluous adipose she winks one eye and says something that sounds like 'nix on that incandescent bull treatment!'"

"Incidentally I think she's right. She's plump and enjoys it. But she was not always so. Once she was a mere slip of a lass like the kind you wise guys call brollers and chickens. Why I re-

member some years ago when she was playin' at the Globe Theater in Boston she was takin' the part of Ganymede. I'm not quite certain on my mythology, but at any rate this Ganymede person used to go toddling around on clouds clad in a pink union suit. Trilix was the only real and original Ganymede, and she had Jule and all the rest of the heathen gods eating off her hand."

"But she sure did get in bad on that engagement."

"How was that?" queried the S. B. Y.

This Sad Tale

"List, kid, to this sad tale," said the S. B. Y. "It was cold in Boston, where, when it is cold, they ought to spell it in capitals. Trilix bought a nice little brown jersey to wear in the wings while she was waiting to make her jump from cloud to cloud on the end of a piano wire. Anyway she forgot to take off the jersey, and believe me, Ganymede in pink tights and a brown sweater made an instantaneous hit. The stage manager made signs at her from the wings and Trilix arose to the occasion and divests herself of the jersey and tomes it earthward. The manager fined her \$15, which gives an awful gouge to a \$25 salary."

Immortalizations of Julius Caesar

Oh, you kid—This expression was first used by Caesar in the year 49 B. C., when Tiberius acquainted him with the news that all Gaul was divided into



three parts, and that Caesar had been given authority to help himself.

Oops, my dear—Caesar was heard to use this expression just after he crossed the Rubicon. Turning to a group of his generals he cried exultantly: "Oops, my dear, now let's mix it up!"

Get your goat—After Caesar had smote the Helveti hip and thigh for the seventy-second time, the Helveti turned tail and beat it, whereupon Caesar leaned upon his sword, and panted: "Mirabile dictu, fellows, we've got their goat at last!"

It is affirmed by some that Caesar's words were, "At last their goat is ours," but we believe the first version to be the correct one.

To Be Told Over Again

THE PUBLICIST'S MISTAKE
"What this town needs most," said the eminent publicist, "is a thorough cleaning up, about a dozen new bridges and a first-class subway system."

"You are mistaken," replied the average citizen. "What this town needs most is a good left-hand pitcher."

Advance of Civilization

Papa Indian—My dear, I know where I can get a peach of a war bonnet for about two skins.

Mama Indian—The Society of Emancipated Squaws has decided against war bonnets for family men. The feathers tickle the papoose.

Rush of Opulence

Summer Boarder—What's making all that noise? Surely you are not running a threshing machine at this time of year?

The Farmer—No, the boys are figuring up the farm's profits on our new rapid calculating machine.

By JAMES H. HAMMON
Drawn for The Washington Times.

ALGY

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR



Loretta's Looking Glass

SEE HOLDS IT UP TO THE FATAL FIVE YEARS



"THE large majority of divorces occur in the first five years of married life. This isn't my say. I got it from a report of a court authority. BUT—this is a proof of the pudding that I have been cooking in these articles."

THE FATAL FIVE YEARS: WHY ARE THEY? If I say they are fatal because of the fault of the girls, I suppose even the hottest and most enervating summer day will not be enough to reduce to harmless the wrath that will rise and aim itself at me.

My Inflamed Sisters

But, like Eva Tanguay, I don't care, because I have the courage of my convictions. I have the moral support of the strong backbone gentleman, who said briefly and effectively, be sure you're right, THEN GO HEAD! And, So Help Me ALL THE POWERS THAT DO ATTEND UPON AN UNSELFISH DETERMINATION TO SERVE A GOOD CAUSE, I AM going ahead, if I break my typewriter and have to call out the National Guards to protect me from the wrath to come from my inflamed sisters.

It is the fault of women that these five years are so apt to be fatal to matrimonial careers. It's because they are so stupidly ignorant of what they ought to know, of what they have GOT to do. It's NOT a matter of temperament; it's a matter of ignorance and inexperience in the ordinary necessary things that MUST form the practical base of any life partnership.

It gives me the wozzles to hear some sentimental or sensational woman talk about "the change in a girl's life when she marries being so radical and so difficult that she gives away under it." It's such nonsense.

The human animal is like the others; nature has established its habits and its natural inclinations. It's the insane insistence upon reversing or disregarding nature that makes the mischief. If a man has felt the attraction of a girl sufficiently to ask her to share his life, as he wishes to share hers, it's only reasonable and natural that the love should grow rather than decline in those first five years. The reason it wears out is because the man has to encounter the worry and wear, the nerves and the complaints of the girl who has BIT OFF MORE THAN SHE CAN CHEW. HE has made a living—attended to his work—before he got her. SHE has generally learned nothing of housekeeping before she rushes brazenly into the assumption of duties which she not only does not understand but wholly underestimates. She can't get the potatoes and the steak done at the same time. She wears herself out in attempting to work with tools unfamiliar to her hands. She knows nothing of domesticity, so she cannot keep servants. She either imposes on them or lets them slight things—one course as bad as the other.

The Domestic Muddle
Mind you, I am not saying that a GIRL'S INTENTIONS are wrong. Intentions may be good paving stones for the place below, but they cannot run a home. It's the struggle with the domestic muddle that makes nervous wrecks of women and drives husbands to the society of the ladies who make divorces. And the sooner we calmly and coolly lay aside this silly old martyresque notion that the association of a loving man and woman can cause misery, and concentrate on the fact that the circumstances which disturb and dislocate the domestic machinery are to blame for those FATAL FIVE YEARS, the better for us all.

When the machinery of a home is gotten to running smoothly, the danger of divorce is minimized. What devil of cross-eyed vision afflicts us into blindness to the need for knowledge before we enter the holy bonds of wedlock? What's the matter with mothers, that they do not insist upon a training that will enable their daughters to enter marriage LEARNED IN THE ART OF HOUSEMAKING instead of as CANDIDATES FOR DIVORCE COURTS?



MAMIE TELLS BELLE

Children Know More Than Their Parents Now—It's

HOW THEY EDUCATE 'EM

ASK any parent old enough to have a kid in the first grade, Belle—the public schools ain't what they used to be. You don't s'pose, do you, that our mothers and fathers could go home from school and make their mothers and fathers want to climb trees by firin' foolish questions at 'em about things they never even heard of?

It's somepin' for the editorial writers to "view with alarm." For the well bein' of ev'ry c'munity, Belle, the children should think well of their parents; but how can they when the old folks can't even tell 'em why it is that the esophagus turns over on its beam ends every time the process of mastication is completed? It's pitiful, Belle, pitiful.

"Mom," a little kid in the second grade'll say to his mother, "help me with my home work? If the equator is twenty-seven minutes from the center of gravity, why don't the antarctic circle correspond?"

Mighty Hard on the Poor Parents

"I don't know, dear," the poor mother'll have to tell him. "Those things are all comparatively new inventions. Ask me somepin' about fractions."

"Never heard of 'em," the kid'll say. Common things like fractions are out o' date, Belle. Instead, the teachers nowadays substitute practical problems that'll help the pupils in the battle o' life and teach 'em to be better and nobler men. For instance, "If 99 Swedes in pink suspenders can build a stone wall around an insane asylum in 32 hours, how long will it take 47 Poles with rubbers on to swim the English channel?"

But, o' course, that's just one o' the beginners' questions. A third grade pupil could see the answer to that without even lookin' up from his astronomy book.

If they wanted to make 'em more advanced pupils in the fourth or fifth grades think a little, they'd ask 'em to figure out how many tomatoes you could put in a two-quart measure if it takes a family of seven fourteen days to do away with four gallons o' ketchup.

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

Benny, I sed to my cuzin Benny the other day, do you want to make sum munny, and Benny sed, Sure, and I sed lets us have a wite hope kontest. Do you no that littil koon that kums around looking for old noospapirs, I sed.

Promoting It

Yes, sed Benny, and I sed, Well, he can be Jack Johnson, and Pudge Simkins can be the wite hope, awn akount of being sutch a fine fiter, and we

can have the fite in our back yard and charge 2 sents to get in.

Aw! rite, sed Benny, lets go around the alley and find the koon, and we went around the alley and there was the koon pickin' up old noospapirs, which is how he makes his livin', atir ev'rybody has red them.

We asked him if he woud be Jack Johnson, and he sed he bet he cood lick Puds Simkins, but he didnt have time awn akount of havin' to look for old noospapirs.

We will give you 10 sents if you do, sed Benny, and the koon and awl rite, I'll be awn the job. So then we maid the tickits, and rote awn the bottim, Tickits, 2 sents apiece, and awl the felloes bawt tickits, and sum of the gerls bawt them to, gerls likin' to see a fire evin if they do pretend to be skared to death. We sold 20 tickits.

Heck! Rane!

Yestiddy aftinnoon, wich was wen the wite hope kontest was, it startid to rane, but awl the felloes and sum of the gerls calm around to our back gate jest the saim, not karing weather it rained or not, on akcount of havin' payed 2 sents apiece, and Pudge Simkins, wich was the wite hope, and the koon, wich was Jack Johnson, was thare to.

But we coodnt hold the wite hope kontest in the rane, so pop and ma bein' out, I took ev'rybody up in our settin' room, and they awl sat around awn chairs, ony sum of them sat on the floor bekaus thare wasnt 20 chairs, and the koon and Pudge Simkins got in the middil of the room and startid to fite.

Thares lots more to tell about this, but I will rite tomorrer, awn akount of Benny jest ringin' the bell for me.

A Sea of Fun In Every Line

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY

"Very senseless, this channel flying," observed the young married lady of Hendon, as Connel and the rest dropped out after another, into that pleasant retreat.

"Not in the least," chirruped her maiden sister. "Look at the men it's bringing into the place!"—The Pink 'Un.

Custom House Humor

Two Germans who were crossing the Luxembourg frontier declared to the customs officials: "We have with us three bottles of red wine each. How much is there to pay?"

"Where is it?" was asked.

"Well, inside us."

The official gravely looked at his tariff book and read: "Wine in casks, 20 shillings; in bottles, 48 shillings; in donkeys' hides, free. Gentlemen," he added, looking up, "you can go."

Reward of Merit

Railroad President—That was a bad accident, but it might have been a thousand times worse. Suppose those cars had taken fire? Phew! Why didn't they?

Superintendent—A lazy brakeman had let the fire go out.

President—Raise his salary.

Discipline

"I hate to insist on my husband's taking me away for the summer. It costs a great deal of money."

"Why do you require it, then?"

"I've got to keep him in a stuffy hotel for a few weeks every year to make him appreciate the way I keep house."

Some Feeling

One day small Tommy was given a piece of fish for dinner. "What kind of fish is this?" he asked.

"Shad," replied his mother.

"Well," said Tommy, "a shad must feel pretty sure of anything it feels in its bones."—Chicago News.

Appropriate

"At last I've found a motto for my new paper, 'What we have we hold.'"

"When is it to be published?"

"Published nothing! It's a new fly-paper."

Not Serious

"What do you think of the gas proposition?"

"Well, any gas scheme which is proposed by the public is bound to make light of."

Our Grocery Clerk Says, 'Oh, Buckwheat'

Would you like to hear the neat little trick we pulled off to sell a couple of dozen boxes of buckwheat, or haven't you much interest in the matter? Either way I'm going to tell you all about it.

It was pukka good buckwheat, but it simply wouldn't be disposed of. But

this morning the big thought bumped into the boss, and in three hours we unloaded more than half of the stuff.

"Attention!" the boss would tip me off when he saw a customer on the approach, and as soon as she was within hearing distance, he'd chant, "Well, well, only one box of that buckwheat left and I don't know when I'll be able to get any more."

"Yes, it sure did sell some rapid," I'd come back. And could we get the customer to buy that "last box"? We couldn't stop her.

